

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

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### Review of New Books.

*The Principles of Forensic Medicine, systematically arranged, and applied to British Practice.* By John Gordon Smith, M. D. 8vo. pp. 503. London. 1821.

WHILE medical jurisprudence has been long and sedulously cultivated in many parts of the continent, and, since the revolution in France, has engaged much attention in that country, it has remained in comparative obscurity in England until the present day. The want of attention to this subject has been felt in almost every case where medical practitioners have been examined on questions belonging to the department of forensic medicine, as the discrepancy in their testimony has not only been very remarkable, but has been injurious to the profession.

The earliest production in this country professing to treat of medical jurisprudence, was an abstract from a foreign work, published under the name of Dr. Farr's Elements. The next appeared in 1815, and one or two other works, on the same subject, have appeared since, but they are little intended for practical reference.

Mr. Smith is the first of our medical professors to give us any thing like a systematic treatise on this important subject. Having, originally, intended to devote himself to the duties of a public lecturer on medical jurisprudence, he prepared a text book, and devoted his attention almost exclusively to the subject, which he appears to have studied with great zeal and attention. He treats the subject in a philosophical, professional, and popular manner, and we would recommend that no magistrate or coroner should be sworn into office until he had read this work; and that barristers, medical practitioners, and jurymen, should consult it before they undertake to speak or decide on the subjects which it embraces.

We will not follow our author through all the ramifications of this important subject, as we merely wish

to call the public attention to it: we say the public attention, for this must not be considered as merely a medical work; and as there is no householder but may be called on a coroner's inquest, so we unhesitatingly assert, no one can go to such an inquest so well prepared to discharge the important duties of his office, as he would be if he had perused this work.

Mr. Smith has divided his book into several classes and sections, as—the reality of death and the phenomena attending it—sudden death—death by personal agency—poisoning, suffocation, drowning, hanging, smothering, strangling—deaths by wounds—suicide—infanticide—and questions arising from injuries to the person not leading to the extinction of life, mental alienation, personal identity, &c.

Although Mr. Smith's work requires to be viewed as a whole, and not to be judged by any extracts which may be detached from it, we shall not enter into a formal analysis, nor indeed make many quotations. The subject of poisons is very ably treated by the author in their classes, of animal, mineral, and vegetable; and as corrosive sublimate is one of the most common, we give Mr. Smith's tests for its detection:—

'The following are some of the tests most to be relied on for the detection of this poison under various circumstances. The aqueous solution of oxymuriate of mercury is transparent, without colour or smell. When applied to vegetable colours, it changes them as acids do. If to this fluid a saturated solution of carbonate of potass be added, a deep brick-coloured sediment is produced, consisting of carbonate of mercury at the maximum degree of oxidation, while there remains in the liquor a muriate of potass. The subcarbonate of potass produces a clear brick-coloured precipitate, composed of carbonate and oxide of mercury.

'Lime-water gives a precipitate of a deep yellow colour, which, by the quantity of the test being increased, becomes red, and consists of oxide of mercury, retaining a little muriatic acid. By the continued addition of lime-water, a precipitate of a fine yellow colour is obtained, consisting of an oxide at the maximum degree.

'Ammonia produces a white precipitate, composed of muriatic acid, ammonia, and oxide of mercury, forming a true triple insoluble salt.

'All the foregoing precipitates, if rubbed on a bright plate of copper, render it white and silvery.

'A watery solution of corrosive sublimate made at a high degree of temperature, on being allowed to cool, deposits crystals of a slender, compressed, and tetraëdic form. If these be pounded in a glass mortar and exposed to ignition, volatilization takes place, a dense white smoke is evolved, and a pungent smell,—but not resembling that of garlic, the characteristic of arsenic. This smoke will tarnish a clean plate of copper, and on the tarnished part being rubbed, a silvery appearance will be produced, characteristic of quicksilver; and if a portion of these crystals be exposed to heat with charcoal, in the form of a paste, the product will be quicksilver, carbonic acid, muriatic acid, and oxygen; in other words, we shall obtain metallic mercury.

'A concentrated solution of corrosive sublimate produces no change on milk; but if to milk containing one part of this substance in fourteen, the syrup of violets be added, the colour is changed to a pale blue. Pure potass will turn it to a blackish grey; and a plate of copper dipped in it then undergoes the same changes as with the sublimate.

'Ordinary soup, if limpid, becomes slightly turbid when it contains a small quantity of this salt in solution; but as soup is frequently turbid of itself, the change might not be perceptible. The tests already mentioned will produce the effects as in an aqueous solution; but here we cannot draw any inference from the colour of precipitates.

On the subject of impostors, Mr. Smith has a curious chapter, from which we select a few passages:—

'The shaking palsy is a frequent plea on the part of an idle beggar, and is always suspicious, especially where the person appears to be otherwise in an ordinary state of vigour. This ingenious order, however, understands the art of mimicking wretchedness too well not to have the details of their appearance in some degree of keeping. A man of the name of Drake, in the Royal African Corps, assumed an appearance of total insensibility, under which he resisted every sort of treatment. At the end of several months he was removed to Hulsea Hospital, in a state of



apparent natural sleep. At this time, an attempt being made to open his mouth forcibly, the temporal muscles were thrown into violent action, and the jaw remained firmly closed. He resisted even the shower-bath, and also electricity; but on a proposal being uttered in his hearing, to apply red hot iron, his pulse rose; and on preparations being made to remove him to Bethlehem Hospital, an amendment began to appear immediately. People have gone farther than this,—imitating even death itself, the very pulse becoming imperceptible. Such cases are at least reported; and the story of Colonel Townshend, who, in the presence of Dr. Cheyne and other professional men, put on all the appearances of death, and was resuscitated of his own accord, has long been notorious. In this instance, neither pulse nor respiration could be perceived for more than half an hour. He died in reality, however, the same evening.

People often affect blindness; and it might appear very simple to ascertain the truth by examination of the eye, or by placing the individual in circumstances of danger. Mahon records the case of a conscript who baffled every attempt to find him out. He was even placed on the margin of a river, and desired to go forward, which he did, and fell into the stream. Boats, however, were provided to pick him up, and no doubt he was aware of this. He afterwards acknowledged the imposture, upon receiving his discharge.

Of the deaf and dumb I have already spoken; but sometimes either the one state only is feigned, or the other. In the former case, a little ingenuity alone may detect the imposture—such as making matters that interest the individual strongly, the subject of conversation, and watching its effect on the countenance or on the pulse. As to wilful mutes, who are not deaf, we know that the power of articulation seldom leaves a person without adequate or even manifest cause. We ought, perhaps, to be satisfied with the want of a tongue; yet cases are on record where persons did very well without that organ—although the muscles belonging to it were in all probability present. One is very satisfactorily reported by Jussieu the botanist, of a Portuguese girl, aged fifteen, who had been born without a tongue.

In a note to this part of the subject, Mr. Smith relates a most singular instance of deception of a different kind:

‘In the ward of a general hospital where I was doing duty myself at the time, and which ward was an open church, containing about one hundred and twenty beds, a soldier, really confined between the sheets, with some surgical complaint that did not much affect his general health, contrived to coin part of his pewter utensil into counterfeit Spanish dollars—which were passed in the town by an accomplice!’

Our last extract shall be on the subject of personal identity:—

‘Not a few important events have turned upon the question whether a person be really the individual he pretends or is supposed to be. Some impostures of the greatest consequence have been maintained on the foundation of personal resemblance to the pretended individual, and which for a time have confounded the best informed and most judicious. Persons have also been arraigned for crimes, and have pleaded that they were not the individuals in question, while witnesses have maintained the contrary, on the ground of personal appearance. Some years ago, a man named John Hoag was indicted for bigamy at New York. He denied the charge, and said his name was Thomas Parker. Mrs. Hoag, however, and several of her friends, all credible witnesses, insisted that he was John Hoag—the woman positively swearing he was her husband. An equal number of witnesses of like credibility swore, on the other hand, that he was Thomas Parker—and Mrs. P. came forward to claim him as her husband. Several points as to his person were alluded to, which coincided with that of the prisoner, even to a particular scar on the forehead. At last, Mrs. Hoag stated that her husband had a particular mark on the sole of his foot, which Mrs. Parker allowed that her husband had not. Recourse was had to the foot, and although there was no mark, the ladies were still unsatisfied; when a justice, from the place where the prisoner had been apprehended, came into the court and identified him as Thomas Parker, whom he had known for many years.—But by what secret, unknown to the man’s wife, a magistrate contrived to identify him, we are left to imagine.

‘In January, 1817, the body of a woman was found tied to a boat, near Greenwich Hospital, and an inquest was accordingly held; but adjourned on account of vague evidence. At the second sitting an old man declared the deceased to be his daughter, who had been the wife of an out-pensioner, and between whom and her husband a fight had taken place, with sharp instruments, in his presence, which he had with difficulty quelled. Soon afterwards both the parties left his house, and he had not heard of them since. Other witnesses supported the statement that it was the body of the old man’s daughter.

‘A second adjournment took place: the constables, in the mean time, had sought in vain for the husband, though they had found the wife alive and hearty, who was produced accordingly. The coroner reprimanded the witnesses, though the strong likeness between the living and the dead woman was allowed to be sufficient to impose on better judges.’

We will not lengthen this review either by further extracts or remarks; for we think the specimen we have

given will show the author’s talents, while the subject itself is one which demands general attention.

*The Garden of Florence and other Poems.* By John Hamilton. 12mo. pp. 175. London, 1821.

A genuine Grub Street dedication chants us into ‘The Garden of Florence,’ where we are introduced to Simonida, a beautiful girl, sitting in innocence, and spinning at her wheel before her father’s cottage. Pasquino, a handsome Florentine youth, supplies her with wool; after great attentions and much silent admiration, they mutually exchange the pure passion of love in tones of artless devotion, when, at evening, her father returns from his daily employment in the woods, and she prepares his supper,—

‘And many a sweet smile cast  
Upon her lover, as she simply stored  
The fruit and homely viands on the board.  
Night hurried on; but ere Pasquino went,—

He agreed to meet her at an appointed place, and—

‘She press’d his hand, and closed  
The door upon her lover,—and reposed.’

To-morrow came; and, by her father’s leave, after she had paid her Sabbath duties to Saint Gallo, she met Pasquino ‘and kissed a welcome!’ and they wandered in pure ecstacy through the paths of flowery delight:—

‘A bed of sage was near them as they walked:  
Pasquino, stooping, pluck’d a leaf and play’d.’

With an old saying, that ‘the sage-leaf whitens teeth,’ he bit it, which proved fatal to his life. Simonida’s shrieks for his death drew two other lovers to the spot, who supposing she might have murdered him, make it known to the Potestate of Florence. Hence she is led away in a state of excessive and pathetic grief, to the palace for trial. The Florentines conceive her guilty and request her immediate punishment, but the Potestate feeling extraordinary compassion for her, commands them to silence, and to take her to the body, which is just as she had left it; the sight of which recalls her mind to recollection, and she remembers the place and leaf that he had eaten in their delicious hour; she explains the circumstance of his death, and then plucks a leaf and eats it also, which producing similar effects, she in a short time becomes a corpse:—

‘In dark amaze, the terror-stricken crowd  
Stood—till the judge spake, wond’ring, aloud:  
“But venom seemeth in that bed of sage  
To dwell and do death-work;  
—and let it be dug up that it may be  
Burn’d for our Florentines’ security.”’



This being done,

'—a huge and gloomy toad  
Sat in its earth'd and venomous abode;  
None, none, might dare  
To approach the bright-eyed reptile—but each  
brought  
Branches of scatter'd wood, and o'er him  
wrought  
A funeral pile; the roots of sage were thrown  
Into a heap, and all was burned down.  
The lovers, side by side, were gently laid  
In the garden of Florence,—and the tenderest  
shade  
Of waving trees hallow'd their pleasant tomb,  
And wrapp'd it in a green and placid gloom.'

This is something of the outline of Mr. Hamilton's Florentine Garden, which belongs to Boccaccio. There are sweet and delicate flowers in it, equal to the choicest exotics of most of our modern poets. 'The Romance of Youth' is the next in order, and thrice the length of the 'Garden of Florence': it is the first canto of a boy, who loves solitude, though to his mother's sorrow, rather than unite in the circles of cheerful companions; it sometimes partakes of the feeling of Beattie's Minstrel; but Mr. H. tells us he is not conscious of the likeness. However, be this as it may, no lovers of fancy and elegant imagery will deny the beauty of almost every stanza.—This youth—

'Left his home, array'd in pilgrim weed,  
As he were bound for holy Palestine;  
With staff and sandal-shoon he cross'd the mead  
That lay before his cottage door;—the kine  
Were at their evening meal, and the decline  
Of the setting sun was beautiful to see:  
He turn'd for one last look;—the eglantine—  
The cot—the trees—the sunshine met his eye,  
And not without a tear might that last parting  
be.'

The remaining 'other poems' consist of songs, sonnets, epistles, and the 'Ladye of Provence.' Her ladyship will not be admired by many, because Guigliemo Gardastagno and similar hard names are impediments to boarding-school readers.

The great error of Mr. Hamilton, or rather of the author, who, we understand, owns another name, is a redundancy of expression, and a most wanton and profuse application of certain favourite words, which meander through his verse in all the mazes of metaphorical absurdity: for instance, we have white—'lily white,' 'white as shining ivory,' and 'ghastly white;' the words 'beautiful' and 'golden,' and a few other favourite adjectives, are also largely drawn upon. But we pass over these defects, to cull a few favourable specimens from the author's miscellaneous poems, which we do without further remark:—

## STANZA,

FROM 'THE ROMANCE OF YOUTH.'

'How is it that the minds of mortals jar,  
In what should be their music and their joy?  
The spirit, which might make itself a star,  
Doth wrap itself in clouds;—and all destroy  
The innocent and lofty heart, and toy  
With idle questionings of serious things?  
Is it that men were made themselves to annoy  
With dreams of ill and mystic ponderings,  
And doubts of old Religion and the bliss she  
brings?'

FROM 'DEVON.'

'I will be with thee!  
My heart shall haunt the spots it loved the best,  
Borne on by that strange voyager, the mind.  
Though caged in cities, still my thoughts are  
free

To visit the green fields and beautiful woods,  
And rivulets, that chaunt a lonely ditty  
In the sleepy ear of Summer,—and the sea,  
That talks for ever to the quiet sands.'

FROM 'LINES TO A VALLEY.'

'I had an hour of that calm time  
We read of in the forest rhyme  
Of pastoral poet. The sweet air  
Play'd round me like Apollo's hair,—  
Rich, soft, and full of melody;  
The bird sang late upon the tree  
Its lonely song; the hush of night  
Was born before its time; the light  
Seem'd left unusually alone  
In the wide heavens; and the tone  
Of our own voices was endued  
With the mellowness of solitude.'

FROM AN 'EPISTLE TO —.'

'I thought of HIM—the deathless, the inspir'd—  
Whose light my very earliest boyhood fir'd,  
And of his rich creations: have we not  
Sorrow'd at high Macbeth's distorted lot,  
Sigh'd over Hamlet's sweet and 'wilder'd heart,  
And when we came upon that piteous part  
Of Love's romance, where, long before 'twas  
day,  
The Ladye of the moonlight pined away,—  
Have we not lov'd young Juliet? and the wail  
Of Lear swoon'd round the heart,—and still  
the tear  
Wrung from sweet Desdemona, by the austere  
And darkling madness of her Moorish lord,—  
Was dear to us; and many a conquering word  
Of tender pity dropp'd at the wild fate  
Of one so young and so disconsolate!'

FROM 'FANNY.'

'Fare thee well! may youth be slow  
To pass from thee, who near'st it so;  
For years are but the links of care  
To one so innocent and fair!  
Around thee joy, within thee truth,  
Thou'rt worthy of perpetual youth,—  
Worthy of that delight, which lies  
Within thy blue and pleasant eyes,—  
Worthy thy mother's fond caressing.  
I owe thee, Fanny, many a blessing  
For pranks of kindness and glee,  
And words of childish charity;  
For pleasures generous, light, and many,  
And therefore do I bless thee, Fanny!'

SONG.

'By the river—by the river,  
The round moon is rising;  
Like the water she glideth,  
In silence and light!  
The tree-shadow falleth  
In tremulous beauty,  
And the swan yet abideth  
The wave of the night.

By the river—by the river,  
At evening, in summer,  
We have seen the moon rising,—  
The same tender moon!  
But we never—we never,  
In summer, at evening,  
Shall again steep our eyes in  
The balm of her boon.'

FROM 'VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.'

'When I am gone—oh! wear  
Sweet smiles; thy dwelling  
Choose where the flowers feed the air,  
And the sea is swelling;  
And near where some rivulet lingers  
In the grass, like an infant's fingers  
In its mother's hair.'

*The Art of invigorating and prolonging Life by Food, Clothes, Air, Exercise, Wine, Sleep, &c.; and Peptic Precepts, pointing out agreeable and effectual Methods to prevent and relieve Indigestion, and to regulate and strengthen the Action of the Stomach and Bowels. By the Author of 'The Cook's Oracle,' &c. &c. Second Edition, 12mo. pp. 276. London, 1821.*

IF the title of this work is not sufficiently explanatory of its nature and object, we may, for the further information of our readers, inform them that it is especially dedicated to the 'nervous and bilious;' and that the art of managing those temperaments is, in the title page, stated to be '*suaviter in modo, sed fortiter in re.*'

Dr. Kitchener, the author of this work, is well known to the public as the author of the 'Cook's Oracle;' and a work on Telescopes, in which he discovered himself to be an excellent optician; he is also known to his friends as a musical amateur, an advocate for good living at the least possible expense, for indulging in all the luxuries of epicurism, with due care to avoid its injurious effects. The work is the avowed result of experience; its author had, 'originally, an extremely delicate constitution, and, at an early period, devoted himself to the study of physic with the hope of learning how to make the most of his small stock of health.' The system he adopted succeeded, and he is arrived at his forty-third year in tolerable good health; and this without any uncomfortable abstinence:—his maxim has ever been, '*dum vivimus, vivamus.*'

Our author, without avowing himself one of the 'fancy,' is a great advocate for training, the principal rules for which are, 'to go to bed early—to rise early—to take as much exercise as you can in the open air, without fatigue, to eat and drink moderately of plain



nourishing food—and especially to keep the mind diverted, and in as easy and cheerful a state as possible.' But we shall not dwell on the training system, as few of our readers, we are persuaded, are ambitious to be Tom Cribbs or Captain Barclays. The art of invigorating and prolonging life, after being generally noticed in an introductory article, is treated of more distinctly under the heads,—sleep—siesta—clothes—fire—air—exercise,—and wine,—with the addition of the peptic precepts. We shall not, however, attempt to give a full analysis of a subject embracing so many points, but, after quoting a few passages to show our author's style and manner, shall refer the more inquisitive reader to the work itself, which, we are happy to say, is published at a price which places it within the reach of almost all classes of readers. Sleep is a subject on which our author acknowledges his feelings are tremblingly alive; he is fond of a 'forty-winks' nap in an horizontal posture,' as the best preparative for any extraordinary exertion, either of body or mind. He is a great enemy to thin party walls, particularly if they only separate you from 'fashionable neighbours who turn night into day,' or 'such as delight in the sublime economy of cinder-saving or cob-web catching.' Dogs, parrots, piano-fortes, and 'Little sweep, ho!' are all actionable nuisances to this lover of a good sound sleep, and as inimical as heavy suppers or curtain and tester to the bed in summer.

The 'Siesta' is strongly vindicated by our author, who recommends it warmly to all debilitated persons; half an hour's sleep being as refreshing as half a pint of wine.' The article of clothes we shall pass over very slightly, only observing that the doctor is an enemy to tight stays and braces, and recommends elastic worsted stocking stuff, as the best material for breeches. On the subject of fire we quote one passage, which we recommend to all the 'molidustas' and 'maids of all work' who steal a peep at their masters' copy of *The Literary Chronicle*:—

'The following plan of lighting and managing a fire, has been attended with great comfort and convenience to myself, (particularly at the beginning and the end of winter, when a very small fire is sufficient,) and I think considerable saving of coals.

'Fill your grate with fresh coals, quite up to the upper bar but one, then lay in your faggot of wood in the usual manner, rather collected in a mass than scattered, that a body of concentrated heat may be

produced as soon as possible; over the faggot place the cinders of the preceding day, piled up as high as the grate will admit, and placed loosely in rather large fragments, in order that the draft may be free; a bit or two of fresh coal may be added to the cinders when once they are lighted, but no small coal must be thrown on at first, for the reason above stated. When all is prepared, light the wood, when the cinders becoming in a short time thoroughly ignited, the gas rising from the coals below, which will now be effected by the heat, will take fire as it passes through them, leaving a very small portion of smoke to go up the chimney.'

As to exercise, we are told,—

'The more luxuriously you live, the more exercise you require; the *bon vivant* may depend upon the truth of the advice which Sir Charles Scarborough gave to the Duchess of Portsmouth,—"You must eat less, or take more exercise, or take physic, or be sick."

'Exercise is the grand power to promote the circulation through the capillary vessels, by which the constitution is preserved from obstructions, appetite increased, and digestion improved in all its stages; the due distribution of nourishment invigorates the nervous system, gives firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and strength to every part of the system.

'Exercise, to have its full effect, must be continued till we feel a sensible degree of perspiration, (which is the panacea for the prevention of corpulence, and should, at least one a-day, proceed to the borders of fatigue, but never pass them, or we shall be weakened instead of strengthened.

'Health depends upon perpetual secretion and absorption, and exercise only can produce this.

'After exercise, take care to get cool gradually; when your head perspires, rub it and your face, &c. dry with a cloth:—this is better for the hair than the best "bear's grease," and will beautify the complexion beyond "la cosmetique royale," or all the red and white Olympian Dew that was ever imported.

'One of the most important precepts for the preservation of health, is to take care of the *skin*.

In winter, the surface of the body, the feet, &c. should be washed twice or thrice a-week, with water of the temperature of about 98, and wiped every day with a wet towel; a tepid bath of the like temperature once a fortnight will also conduce much to both health and comfort. Some advise that the surface of the body be wiped every morning with a wet sponge, and rubbed dry after, with not too fine a cloth.'

On the subject of wine, we confess ourselves rather at issue with the doctor, both as to quantity and quality, for we would neither wish to drink it when quite fresh from the cask, nor to limit ourselves to four ordinary wine

glasses; we will, however, give his own plan for taking liquid food after dinner:

'When he cannot get good beer, he has two wine glasses of sherry, or one of whiskey or brandy, and three-fourths of a pint of good toast and water, (which, when dyspeptic, he has warmed to about summer heat, i. e. 75 of Fahrenheit,) and puts a wine-glass of sherry, or half a glass of whiskey, &c. into half a pint of the water, and the other glass of sherry, or half glass of whiskey, &c. into the remaining quarter pint, thus increasing the strength of the liquid towards the conclusion of dinner; after which he drinks from two to four glasses of port or sherry, as instinct suggests the state of the circulation requires: if it be very languid, a *liqueur* glass of Johnson's *White Curacao* is occasionally recommended as a renovating *bonne bouche*. About a quarter of an hour after dinner, he lies down on a sofa, and sleeps for about half an hour; this has been his custom for the last twenty years; half an hour's horizontal posture is more restorative to him than if he had sat up and drank three or four more glasses of wine.'

We now pass on to 'Peptic precepts,' a portion of our author's book worthy the perusal of all who think health worth preserving or regaining. We quote an extract almost at random:—

'Be content with one dish;—from want of submission to this salutary rule of temperance, as many men dig their grave with their teeth as with the tankard; Drunkenness is deplorably destructive, but her demurer sister, gluttony, destroys an hundred to her one.

'Instinct speaks pretty plainly to those whose instruments of digestion are in a delicate state, and is an infinitely surer guide than any dietetic rules that can be contrived.

'That the food which we fancy most generally sits easiest on the stomach, is a fact which the experience of almost every individual can confirm.

'The functions of digestion go on merrily when exercised by aliment which the stomach asks for; they often labour in vain when we eat merely because it is the usual hour of dining, or out of necessity, to amuse the gastric juices, and "lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage."

'To affirm that any thing is wholesome or unwholesome, without considering the subject in all the circumstances to which it bears relation, and the unaccountable peculiarities of different constitutions, is, with submission, talking nonsense.

'Let every man consult his stomach; to eat and drink such things, and in such quantities, as agree with that perfectly well, is wholesome for him, whilst they continue to do so; that which satisfies and refreshes us, and causes no uneasiness after, may safely be taken in moderation, whenever the appetite is keen, whether it be at dinner or supper.



'What we have been longest used to is most likely to agree with us best.

'The wholesomeness, &c. of all food depends very much on the quality of it, and the way in which it is cooked.

'Those who are poor in health must live as they can; certainly, the less stimulus any of us use the better, provided it be sufficient to properly carry on the circulation: I sometimes hold it lawful to excite appetite when it is feeble by age or debilitated by indisposition.

'Those stimuli which excite the circulation at the least expense of nervous irritation, and afford the greatest quantity of nutriment, must be most acceptable to the stomach, when it demands restorative diet.

'A healthful impetus may be given to the system by a well-seasoned soup or a restorative ragout, at half the expense to the machinery of life, than by the use of those spirituous stimuli, which fan a feverish fire, exciting action without supplying the expenditure of the principle producing it, and merely quicken the circulation for a few minutes, without contributing any material to feed the lamp of life; which, if it be originally or organically defective, or is impaired by time or disease, will sometimes not burn brightly, unless it be supplied with the best oil, and trimmed in the most skilful manner.'

We shall conclude with an amusing extract relating to the difference in the hours of the meals now and formerly, as well as the quality of the food:

'The stately dames of Edward the Fourth's court rose with the lark, despatched their dinner at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and, shortly after eight, were wrapt in slumber. How would these reasonable people (reasonable, at least, in this respect) be astonished could they but be witnesses to the present distribution of time among the Children of Fashion!—Would they not call the perverse conduct of those who *rise* at one or two, *dine* at eight, and retire to bed when the morning is unfolding all its glories, and nature putting on her most pleasing aspect—absolute insanity!!'

'What a contrast there is between the materials of the morning meal, A. D. 1550, when Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour began the day with a round of beef or a red herring and a flaggon of ale, and in 1821, when the sportsman, and even the day-labourer, breakfasts on what cooks call "Chinese soup," i. e. tea.

'Swift has jocosely observed, such is the extent of modern epicurism, that *the world must be encompassed before a washerwoman can sit down to breakfast!* i. e. by a voyage to the east for tea and to the west for sugar.

'In the Northumberland Household Book for 1512, we are informed that—"a thousand pounds was the sum annually expended in housekeeping; this main-

tained 166 persons, and the wheat was then 5s. 8d. per quarter.

"The family rose at six in the morning; my lord and my lady had set on their table for breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning,—

A quart of beer,  
A quart of wine,  
Two pieces of salt fish,  
Half a dozen red herrings,  
Four white ones, and  
A dish of sprats!!!

"They dined at ten, supped at four in the afternoon, the gates were all shut at nine, and no further ingress or egress permitted."

'But now,—

"The gentleman who dines the latest  
Is, in our street, esteemed the greatest;  
But surely greater than them all,  
Is he who never dines at all."

We must now quit Dr. Kitchener and his book, so far at least as our critical labours are concerned; but we shall frequently turn to it in our closet, and though we may not regulate our mode of living exactly according to his precepts, yet we have sufficient faith in him to believe that he is as disinterested as he is sincere, and we doubt not, generally, as correct as he is disinterested. To the valetudinarian his work must be acceptable, and we feel persuaded that there are few persons, either in sickness or in health, who will not profit by its perusal.

#### Sketches of Upper Canada, &c.

By John Howison, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 725.)

MR. Howison describes minutely, and, we doubt not, accurately, the progress of emigration to Upper Canada, the expenses of the voyage, the plans to be adopted on arriving there, the different modes of settling, the expense of labour, the price of land and its produce, &c. He concludes by strongly recommending Upper Canada to emigrants, and particularly to poor people; as the expense of the voyage is not much, and the encouragement given to labour considerable. The people in Upper Canada live much better than persons of a similar class in Britain. It is not merely to the poor and necessitous that Canada affords a delightful asylum:—

'The second class of emigrants, viz. men of small income and increasing family, will find Upper Canada, in many respects, an advantageous place of residence. When I say this, I of course include those persons only who do not derive their incomes from the exercise of any profession, and who have no obvious means of improving their circumstances. Half-pay officers, annuitants,

&c. are in this situation. An individual of this class may do well in Upper Canada, if he possesses a farm, and raises enough of all kinds of produce to supply his own wants. With £250 a-year, and fifty or sixty acres of land, he might, by proper management, support a large family in comfort and abundance; but he would not augment his income by farming extensively, unless he engaged in the business *practically*, and were assisted by his children; the price of labour being so high, and that of produce so low, that the agriculturist cannot derive much profit from the returns made by the soil, if he employs hired men to work it. Respectable families suffer a good deal of inconvenience from a difficulty of obtaining household servants, most of whom are both negligent and unprincipled, and conceive themselves insulted, if the person who proposes to hire them makes any inquiry about their characters. Some will not engage themselves, unless they are allowed to sit at table with the master and mistress of the house. Emigrants sometimes bring servants from Britain; but such seldom remain long with them after their arrival in Canada, their ideas and prospects being directed into new channels, by the system of independence and equality which prevails in the country. The women are soon married, and the men become landholders. Some people bind their domestics by indentures, to continue with them for a certain time; but this plan seldom answers well, as persons so articulated are apt to grow insolent and troublesome, whenever their bondage becomes disagreeable to them. The chief objection which men with large families will have to Upper Canada is, that it does not afford them the means of educating their children. Schools, at which the essential branches are taught, exist in the most secluded parts of the province; but there is no seminary on a liberal scale, except at York and Kingston. However, the generosity which the Provincial government displays in the endowment of schools, and the encouragement which the inhabitants give to respectable teachers, will soon render the means of education as accessible in Upper Canada as they are in the country parts of Great Britain.

'To the man of capital, Upper Canada, I am sorry to say, offers few inducements. The province indeed requires the presence of such persons, and the circulation of their capital, more than any thing else; but the benefit of a country will, of course, always be a secondary consideration with every one, when individual interest is concerned, and, therefore, it cannot be expected that persons of wealth should as yet emigrate to Upper Canada. There are a good many ways of employing capital, but few which will ensure such a speedy return, as would in general be considered necessary. The mercantile business is already overdone. Merchants swarm in every part of the province, and have, in a great measure, been



the means of reducing public credit to its present low ebb. Farming is not profitable, for the reasons already stated, and, likewise, because there is, at present, no steady market for agricultural produce. Those who could afford to wait many years for the interest of money laid out, might speculate advantageously in lands. Large and excellent tracts may, at present, be purchased for half the sum they are really worth. These belong to individuals who are neither resident in the province nor at all connected with it, and who would gladly sell possessions in which they take no interest, and of which they do not know the value. Some people may suppose, that if such properties were in the market, the Canadians would buy them up, but they are prevented from doing so by a want of capital. The man who bought eight or ten thousand pounds' worth of land, would derive no revenue from it, for perhaps as many years. The persons to whom he sold it out in small portions, at a very advanced rate, probably would not be able to pay any part of the price until they had cleared and frequently cropped it, and thus gained something by their labours; but the speculator would secure himself all the time, by not granting a deed to any settler until he had paid the amount of his purchase. When money did begin to flow in, he would receive a return not only equal to the interest of the capital he had laid out, but triple or quadruple the amount of the capital itself. The man who buys lands at two or three shillings an acre, and sells it again at ten or fifteen, makes a fortunate speculation, although twenty years should intervene between the date of his making the purchase and that of his receiving the profits it has produced.

The latter part of Mr. Howison's work consists of 'Recollections of the United States,' in which he sketches *currente calamo*, the peculiar manners and customs which he observed in a tour through this part of America, in 1820. As this is a subject on which our journal has lately contained much information, we shall be brief in our extracts from Mr. H.'s account.—Speaking of New York, he says,—

'The principal hotels are situated in Broadway; and, as they differ entirely from British hotels, it is worth while to say something about them. The City Hotel is the best and most fashionable place of resort for travellers. It is a large brick building, four stories high, containing a splendid dining saloon and a magnificent drawing-room, each 85 feet in length, a billiard room, several suites of apartments for private families, and more than a hundred bed-chambers. Upwards of eighty people breakfast and dine there every day, at the public table, during the summer months; and the charge for board and lodging is ten dollars a-week,

for which four meals a-day are furnished in the best possible style. At the City Hotel, a traveller neither has it in his power to dine alone nor to have private apartments, but must take his seat at the ordinary, at the established hours. Travelling parties, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, cannot even obtain separate sitting apartments, but must either remain in the bed-chambers or mingle together in a drawing-room allotted for their reception. They are all expected to dine at the same table and at the same hour; or, if any party chooses to deviate from this plan, the charge is more than double what it would otherwise be. Washington-hall, Franklin-house, Mechanics'-hall, Wall-street-house, and nearly all the other public establishments for travellers, are conducted in this style; which is evidently but little adapted to the taste of Europeans, who generally choose privacy when they reside at a hotel. The Americans, however, are not so fastidious; and many of them would be at a loss to conceive why a man should wish to take his meals alone, when he might command a greater variety of dishes by sitting down among the multitude.

'The persons who encircle these *tables d'hôte* are, for the most part, genteel in their appearance, and polite in their manners. Many of them are permanent residents in New York, and merely board at an hotel for convenience. The conversation never becomes general; as no one addresses those who sit round him, unless he has been particularly introduced to them. When any person wants part of a dish, he sends the waiter for the whole of it, as no one troubles himself with carving for another. Every thing that is drunk is charged extra to the individual that calls for it; but most of the guests take nothing but water, and, the moment they have dined, they start up and hurry away. The Americans are not at all addicted to the pleasures of the table, being no judges of good cookery, and dining usually at two or three in the afternoon. Men of business hasten to their counting-houses or offices immediately after dinner, leaving good wine and convivial friends without the least regret. Should they feel inclined to drink a little in the course of the evening, they engage a few acquaintances, and carry them to their homes or boarding-houses; where, having called for some wine, the whole party drink it off as fast as possible, without either sitting down or taking off their hats. This is called a *flying glass*. However, people of wealth and fashion live much in the same way as respectable merchants in England, and have fewer *standing toasts* than their inferiors.

The number of *private* boarding-houses in New York is very great. Few young men have a house and domestic establishment of their own till they are married, and some not even then. The people who keep these boarding-houses are usually widow ladies, who have been left in desti-

tute circumstances; but most of them are quite superior in manners and respectability, to the same class of persons in Britain. They do not receive any one into their houses, unless he is recommended by a mutual acquaintance. He is then treated as a friend, and enjoys an easy intercourse with the daughters, sisters, or other members of the family, if he feels inclined; and is allowed to walk out with them, or escort them to public places. A young man will sometimes find a boarding-house rather dangerous, if there are agreeable females in it. Many widows procure husbands for their unportioned daughters by keeping one, though I do not mean to say that they ever have this object in view when they receive lodgers. The New York boarding-houses are not agreeable in general; for the social intercourse that takes place in them creates a restraint, which would not exist were there no communication at all between the parties.'

Though the fine arts are not deficient in patronage, the United States have made but little progress in them:

'The native painter most highly esteemed among them at present is Col. Trumbull. Government has engaged that gentleman to execute a series of national pictures for the decoration of the Hall of Congress, for every one of which he is to receive the sum of four thousand dollars. Last summer he had finished two, the subjects of which are the Declaration of Independence and the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis,—the last I saw while in New York; but was greatly disappointed in finding its merits much inferior to what I had anticipated. Colonel Trumbull is the most lady-like painter in the world; his colours appear to be laid on with the utmost timidity; he shows as much aversion to strong shadows as the Chinese do; and his faces have an expression of red-checked stupidity about them, which denotes a corresponding want of soul in the artist. However, in justice to Colonel Trumbull, it ought to be stated that his subject is an unfortunate one. The picture represents the French and American armies drawn out in lines opposite to each other, and surveying the British, who march between them, deprived of the honours of war; and surely no object can be farther from ideal beauty than soldiers standing stiff in their ranks, and dressed in pipe-clayed breeches, white belts, and black gaiters. Had the colonel put a row of poplar trees (which, by the bye, the Americans admire very much,) parallel to each of the armies, the composition and expression of his picture would have been complete.'

Another notice on the subject of the arts occurs in the account of Philadelphia, which we quote:—

'Next morning I went to see the celebrated picture of Christ healing in the temple, which Mr. West painted, and sent as a donation to the Pennsylvania

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hospital. It is impossible to survey this magnificent performance without a feeling of awe, which the mere recollection of its beauties and expression never fails to revive. It is kept for public exhibition, in a small building erected expressly for the purpose, according to a plan given by Mr. West, who seems to have been fully aware of the value of his gift, for which he several times refused seven thousand guineas. He gave instructions that no other picture should be hung in the apartment, and that no visitor should be allowed to take a sketch of his painting. Some time ago, the directors of the hospital engaged a Philadelphian artist to make a drawing of the picture, that they might be able to publish a print, and promised him four hundred dollars for his trouble; but, after toiling three weeks, he found that his work was not half completed, and he accordingly abandoned the design, and lost both his labour and the expected remuneration. The painting contains fifty-four heads, twenty-one of which have full-length and half-length figures attached to them; and the variety of expression and intricacy of grouping in the representation of so many persons, sufficiently account for the difficulty which the American artist experienced in endeavouring to sketch them. The exhibition of West's painting yielded eight thousand dollars the first year, and five thousand the second; and it is supposed, that it will hereafter afford to the hospital an annual revenue of five hundred pounds sterling.

Although we spoke very favourably of Mr. Howison's work in our first notice, yet we confess it has still improved on acquaintance; and we hesitate not to pronounce it one of the most interesting and most entertaining works we have seen on the subject of America.

*The First, Second, and Third Reports of the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity; established in London, 1818. 8vo. London, 1818-21.*

EVERY person who has had occasion to perambulate the streets of this great metropolis during the last half dozen years, must have experienced the dreadful annoyance and importunities of sturdy beggars; and must also have noticed that they are now less numerous and less insolent than they were three years ago. This important change has been effected by the Mendicity Society, which was established for the purpose of inquiring into the state of mendicity in the metropolis, affording relief to distressed and deserving individuals, and for punishing 'incorrigible rogues and vagabonds.' The Society, in one of their Reports, express a somewhat decided opinion against the poor laws. These, however, they cannot

reform, and have been compelled to act in accordance with the spirit of them; but speaking of the nature of the Mendicity Society, they say—

'Whenever it shall be enabled to induce parishes to adopt a better system in regard to vagrants, a very important step will be taken towards the end it has in view. If the entire Suppression of Mendicity be at all attainable, it will probably be effected by slow degrees, and will depend upon an infinity of circumstances; *but its advance has been already arrested, and its most revolting features are receding.* The managers can look back with unmixed satisfaction, and forward with the most pleasing anticipations—taking the laws of the country for its guide, so far as their enforcement is consistent with the best principles of political economy—adopting a middle course between the advocates of, and the opponents to, the present system of parochial relief—seeking to combine the advantages of both, without the mischiefs of either; the society may not be improperly considered as operating to mitigate the partial evils which result from general laws, and, by so doing, to augment the amount of human happiness.'

It appears that, during the last year, 4546 cases were investigated by the Committee; in 1696 of which, the causes of distress were very apparent, and in 2350, want of employment, real or pretended, was the alleged excuse for begging; 542 were ascertained to be impostors and confirmed vagrants, and ordered to be prosecuted; a quantity of clothing was distributed to the really necessitous, and 46,407 meals given to applicants with mendicity tickets, the general use of which would soon suppress the professional beggar. Among the artifices by which mendicants levy contributions on the humane and credulous, the system of 'begging letters' is a favorite one, and the Committee have detected several cases of fraud of this nature:—

'In one case, the applicant acted upon a systematic plan, having an agent to collect donations, who was paid by a poundage on their amount. Although the residence of this man was stated to be in London, the Committee discovered that he had country lodgings, for which he paid 40l. a-year; that although supported solely by writing begging letters, he passed there for a person of respectable property; his apartments were occasionally ornamented with wax lights, and he appeared to enjoy not merely the comforts, but many of the elegances of life.

'The Committee are confident that there are many other individuals living by the same description of fraud; it is their custom to write under different names to a large circle of persons at the same time, a deception which the subsequent transmission of all the letters to one

office will immediately detect; and there is no doubt, that the limited investigation, commenced by the committee, has already *considerably checked* the practice *altogether.*'

It is not our intention to enter into a lengthened detail of the benefits of this institution or the zeal of its members. 'By their fruits shall ye know them;' and the Committee need do nothing more than to refer to the good they have done, and to the evils they have prevented, to recommend the Society strongly to public support, and to the co-operation of magistrates, parish officers, and 'all who are in authority under them.' We select a few cases which have been investigated by the Committee:—

'J. A. was apprehended by the society's officers while begging, and, on being brought to the office, was recognized as an old applicant, but in a different name. His statements not agreeing, the sitting managers directed him to be taken to Marlborough-street; the magistrate ordered him to be committed for seven days, and passed. This man was, however, caught a second time in Mount-street, when he made great resistance. On being again brought before the magistrate, he was imprisoned fourteen days, and the order to pass him repeated. Even this confinement had not the desired effect upon this determined vagrant, for he was a third time detected soliciting arms in St. Pancras, when he was conveyed to Marlborough-street; and, on its being stated to the magistrate that he had been there twice before, he committed him to be tried at the Sessions, when the society prosecuted. On the trial, it appeared he possessed an income of 70l. per annum. The court sentenced him to be imprisoned six months. It should not be omitted to state, that on one of the above occasions, he offered 5l., and on another 10l., if the officers would let him go. This case presents an instance of imposition and depravity seldom equalled.'

'E. H. aged 36, a native of Cork, who, through the hope of getting a livelihood in London, came over on the death of her husband (a master taylor), who left her with five children. On her arrival, she endeavoured to get into some way of providing for her family; but after repeated attempts, the only one left her to embrace, was selling fruit, which she continued, till poverty compelled her to give up even that occupation, for want of the means wherewith to go to market. Thus reduced to the last stage of human misery, she applied to the overseers of the parish wherein she slept; but they would not relieve her unless she was willing to be passed home.

'Enquiry was made into this woman's statement, when it appeared, that in a most wretched room in Whitechapel, these six human beings were dragging on



a miserable existence, totally destitute of food—not a bed to lie on, nor covering to protect them from the cold—their complete nudity only prevented by a solitary garment for each; and one of the boys severely ruptured. This was the scene which presented itself to the manager visiting this abode of wretchedness! He advised her to be passed to Ireland—she consented—a letter was written to the overseers, requesting their assistance for that purpose, which was afforded; and the society advanced a moiety for their journey—redeemed clothes to a considerable amount—gave the boy a truss—equipped the family—and procured the payment of a certain sum on their reaching Dublin. A letter has since been received, acknowledging their safe arrival, with the receipt of the money remitted.

J. H. only twelve years of age, was taken by the officers, while asking alms from shop to shop in Piccadilly. He said he was a native of Shrewsbury; but on being taken before a magistrate, it came out that his friends were doing extremely well, in the vicinity of Leicester-square; but the boy, from some motive, had taken up the destructive habit of begging. The father was accordingly summoned, who stated, that his son had both breakfasted and dined at home on the day in question. After receiving an admonition from the magistrate, he promised to take more care of him in future. This case is confirmatory of the benefits arising from the society sending out officers, for had not this young delinquent been stopped in his career, in all probability, time would have hardened him into, at least, an inflexible vagrant, and perhaps into a more criminal character. His natural guardian likewise received a salutary warning of the consequences arising from his neglect. In several instances has this institution had the gratification of restoring runaway apprentices and children to their masters and families, whom they had left, from supposed injuries received, or in consequence of necessary correction for their faults.

### *Travels in Palestine.*

By J. S. Buckingham.

(Concluded from p. 722.)

On the 28th of January, Mr. Buckingham, dressed as a Syrian Arab, accompanied by Mr. Bankes in the garb of a Turkish soldier, and his Albanian interpreter, left Jerusalem for Jericho, and the following day passed the Jordan. Mr. B. says,—

‘The stream appeared to us to be little more than twenty-five yards in breadth, and was so shallow in this part as to be easily fordable by our horses. The banks were thickly lined with tall rushes oleanders, and a few willows; the stream was exceedingly rapid; the water tolerably clear, from its flowing over a bed of pebbles; and, as we drank of the stream

while our horses were watering, we found it pure and sweet to the taste.

‘From the distance which we had come from Jericho northward, it seemed probable that we had crossed the river pretty nearly at the same ford as that which was passed over by the Israelites on their first entering the promised land.

The place of Christ’s baptism by John, is but a little to the southward of this, as fixed on by the Catholics; but the Greeks assign a spot three or four miles still more southerly than that assumed by the former as the scene of this event.

‘Ascending on the east side of the Jordan, we met large flocks of camels, mostly of a whitish colour, and all of them young and never yet burthened, as our guides assured us, though the whole number of those we saw could not have fallen short of a thousand. These were being driven down to the Jordan to drink, chiefly under the care of young men and damsels. Among them many of the young ones were clothed around their bodies with coverings of hair tent-cloth, while the elder females had their udders bound up in bags, tied by cords crossing over the loins; and the males walking with two of the legs tied.’

Of the ancient Geraza, now called Jera-sh, Mr. B. gives a very minute account. He says,—

‘The city occupied nearly a square of somewhat less than two English miles in circumference, and the greatest length, from the ruined arched building on the south of the first entrance to the small temple on the north side of the opposite one, is about five thousand feet, as measured by paces, or nearly an English mile. The general direction of this square is, with its sides, nearly towards the four cardinal points; but none of these sides are perfectly straight, probably from the inequality of the ground along which they run.

‘The city stood on the facing slopes of two opposite hills, with a narrow, but not a deep valley between them, through which ran a clear stream of water springing from fountains near the centre of the town, and bending its way thence to the southward.

‘The eastern hill, though rather more extensive in its surface than the western one, rises with a steeper slope, and is consequently not so well fitted for building on. We found it covered with shapeless heaps of rubbish, evidently the wreck of houses, as the walls of some of them were still visible; but as neither columns nor other vestiges of ornamental buildings were to be seen among these, we concluded that this portion of the city was chiefly inhabited by the lower orders of the people.

‘The whole surface of the western hill is covered with temples, theatres, colonnades, and ornamental architecture, and was, no doubt, occupied by the more dignified and noble of the citizens. The

general plan of the whole was evidently the work of one founder, and must have been sketched out before the Roman city, as we now see it in ruins, began to be built. The walls of the city were as nearly equal in length, and faced as nearly to the four cardinal points, as the nature of the ground would admit.

‘The eastern portion was chosen for the residence of the great mass of the people; first from its being of more extensive surface, and next, from its being less adapted to the erection of fine buildings, or the production of architectural effect. The western portion was devoted purely to the grandeur of display and decoration, and the regularity of its arrangement is no less striking than the number of splendid edifices crowded together in so small a space.

‘One straight and spacious street extends through the whole length of the city from north to south, ending at the gates of these respective quarters, their being only these two now remaining; nor are there indeed any conclusive appearances of there ever having been any other than these two entrances into the city.

‘This main street is intersected at nearly equal distances of one-fourth of its length from each gate, by two other streets which cross it at right angles, and extend through the whole breadth of this western portion of the city, the point of intersection in each being ornamented with a public square.

‘From each of these intersections to their respectively nearest gate, the order of architecture that prevailed was Ionic; but in the central space between these intersections, and including a length equal to half that of the whole city, the predominant order was Corinthian.

‘In the centre, or nearly so, of the central space, was a noble palace, probably the residence of the governor, with a beautiful Corinthian temple in front, and another more ruined one behind in right-lines with it, and the semi-circular recess of a still more highly-finished temple beside it. In a line with these edifices, and on the east of them, was a bridge crossing the small stream in the valley. In a line with the first or southern street of intersection was another bridge; and nearly in a line with the northern street, and also on the east of it, was a very extensive bath.

‘Just within the southern gate of entrance was a peripteral temple, a circular colonnade, and a theatre; and just within the northern gate of entrance was also a theatre, a temple, and a military guard-house. Both the principal streets extending the whole length of the city, and those which crossed its road through its breadth, were lined by avenues of columns, extending in one unbroken range on each side, and ascended to by steps.

‘There were also other edifices scattered in different parts of the city, which will be seen in examining the plan; but the whole was remarkable for the regula-



city and taste of its design no less than for its able and perfect execution.'

Mr. B. afterwards examined the ruins of the ancient Gamala, now called Oorn Kais. The city forms nearly a square; its greatest length, from east to west, measuring 1670 paces, of about two feet each, and its breadth one fourth less:—

'The upper part of the city stood on a level spot on the summit of the hill, and appears to have been walled all around the acclivities of that hill, being on all sides exceedingly steep, and having appearances of ruined buildings, even on their steepest parts. The eastern gate of entrance has its portals still remaining, and was near the northern wall. From hence a noble street ran through the whole length of the city, extending the number of paces mentioned, as it was along this that the measurement was taken. This street was fifteen paces, or about thirty feet in breadth, from pillar to pillar; as it had a colonnade of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, at intervals, lining it in avenues on each side, as at the ruins of Geraza. The street was paved throughout with fine squared blocks of the black volcanic stone, and this pavement was still so perfect that the ruts of carriage wheels were to be seen in it of different breadths, and about an inch in depth, as at the ruins of Pompeii in Italy.

'The first edifice which presented itself, on entering at the eastern gate, was a theatre on the left, the scene and front of which was entirely destroyed, but its benches were still remaining, and it faced towards the north. Still farther on were appearances of an Ionic temple, the colonnade of the street being continued; and at about the centre of its length, a range of Corinthian columns on pedestals marked the site of a grand edifice on the left; not a column now remained erect, but the plan could be distinctly traced. This apparent temple was a hundred paces in depth from north to south, or from the street inward, and its façade, which fronted the street and came in a line with the colonnade before described, was about seventy paces in breadth. The chief peculiarity of this edifice was, that it was built on a range of fine arches, so that the foundations were higher than the general level of the street, by which it must have been rendered most conspicuous.

'At the southern end of this edifice was a second theatre, open to the west and fronting the central cross-street, which here intersected the city from north to south, at right-angles with the larger one, running from east to west. This second theatre had only a small portion of its front preserved, but its benches and doors of entrance, the pavement of its stage, and part of its scene, were as perfect as either of those at Geraza, to which it was also equal in size, and nearly similar in design; but it was in less perfect preservation, and on the whole inferior in taste

and execution of its details to either of them.

'Before we departed we were taken to see one of the ancient Roman tombs, now used as a carpenter's shop, the occupier being employed in constructing a rude plough, and in fixing the irons to one of those long Syrian goads, which serve to spur the animal with one end and clear the plough of clods with the other. On examining the size and weight of this iron at the foot, Maundrell's conjecture struck me as a very judicious one, that it might have been with such a weapon that Shamgar made the prodigious slaughter related of him in the Book of Judges.

'From this tomb we went to a still more perfect one, which was entirely cleared, and now used as a private dwelling. Though the females of the family were within, we were allowed to enter, and descended by a flight of three steps, there being either a cistern or a deep sepulchre on the right of this descent. The portals and architrave were here perfectly exposed; the ornaments of the latter were a wreath and open flowers; the door also was divided by a studded bar and pannelled, and the ring of the knocker remained, though the knocker itself had been broken off. The door, which was of the same size and thickness as those described, traversed easily on its hinges, and we were permitted to open and close it at pleasure. On examining it closely, all that has before been said on the mode of fixing and of fastening it was confirmed, as we could here see every part of the construction more perfectly.

'The tomb was about eight feet in height on the inside, as there was a descent of a steep step from the stone threshold to the floor. Its size was about twelve paces square, but no light was received into it except by the door; we could not see whether there was any inner chamber, as in some of the others. A perfect sarcophagus still remained within, and this was now used by the family as a chest for corn and other provisions, so that this violated sepulchre of the dead had thus become a secure, a cool, and a convenient retreat to the living of a different race.'

Mr. B. afterwards visited Nazareth, Tiberias, Jeneen, Sanhoor, Neapolis, Gerezim, the well of Samaria, &c. At Sanhoor, he was introduced to the chief Hadjee Ahmed Gerar:—

'Our conversation of the evening,' says Mr. B., 'was chiefly on the state of Europe, on the countries I had visited, and those I hoped to see. As the chief had himself been twice to Mecca, making the journey from Damascus, I learned from him also some interesting particulars on that route, and we talked a great deal about those parts of Arabia which we had both seen, namely, the ports of the Hedjaz. An excellent bed was prepared for me in a separate room, with clean sheets and cushions covered with silk, and every

arrangement was made for my comfort that I could possibly desire.

'Among the party assembled round the fire in the court was an old amateur of muskets and pistols, called Sheikh Ibrahim, who asked me a thousand questions about the names of the celebrated makers in the different capitals of Europe, and brought me at least twenty different pieces to examine. His passion for arms was so strong that he had brought up his son as a gunsmith, though he himself had been self-taught; and among some locks which were shown me as the work of the son, in imitation of English ones, with the name of Wilson upon them, there were several that would not have disgraced an European artist. When we talked of the perfection to which this manufactory was brought in England, and the improved methods used in working the metals there, as far as I was myself imperfectly acquainted with them, the old man swore by his beard, that if I would take him to that country only for a few months, that he might witness those wonders, as he called them, he would serve me in the capacity of servant, or soldier, or groom, or anything; in short, that I might command during the whole of the way.'

Mr. Buckingham's work, which we consider as one of the most valuable of its class, and furnishing the best illustrations that Scripture has received from modern travellers, contains several good maps and other interesting engravings.

*The Wit's Red Book, or Calendar of Gaiety, for the year 1822. A Collection of original Anecdotes, Facetiæ, Epigrams, &c. By Ross Rosso, pp. 168. London, 1821.*

Mr. Ross Rosso, Facetiæ Doctor, though not quite so witty as he would have us believe, is an amusing fellow, and his book is a good antidote for the blue devils, for half an hour at least, any day. He is strongly addicted to what is called the vice of punning; and as this species of wit is only to be practised when it is either very good or ingeniously bad, Mr. Rosso, whose puns are of a mediocre character, somewhat like those of Lord Norbury, is not entitled to much praise in this branch of his profession. He has, however, formed an entertaining olio, which may be consulted with advantage when the reader has dozed over the silly tales, sonnets, and epigrams, of those other annual publications, called — Pocket Books. But we will let Mr. Rosso speak for himself, and that to the best advantage:—

*Agreeable Annotation.*—'The late beneficent and worthy Mr. Pleasants, of Dublin, who founded the Stove Tenter-House



in that city, and has thereby been the means of saving thousands of his countrymen from the wretchedness to which they were before exposed, was not only benevolent, but facetious and pleasant withal. Happening one day to hear a sermon with which he was much delighted, he sent to the preacher, requesting that he would permit him to peruse the discourse which had afforded him so much pleasure. His desire was immediately complied with, and next day he returned the manuscript with a letter of thanks, in which he said that he had taken the liberty to add to add a *note* to a passage which had particularly struck him. The clergyman, anxious to ascertain whether the passage in question contained anything that required elucidation, or called for animadversion, immediately looked through his sermon; but what was his pleasure and surprise on discovering that the amiable annotator had inserted a *bank-note* of considerable value.

*An illegal solicitor.*—“An attorney, who was much molested by a fellow importuning him to bestow him something, threatened to have him taken up as a common beggar. “A beggar! (exclaimed the man) I would have you to know that I am of the same profession as yourself; are we not both solicitors?” “That may be, friend; yet there is this difference—you are not a *legal* one, which I am.”

*A Pun.*—“The following excellent and witty pun, was uttered by a student at Cambridge at the time that the late bishop of Bristol, (Dr. Mansel, master of Trinity College), disapproving of the large Cossack trowsers, which he thought favoured more of a martial than clerical air, forbade them to be worn by the young men of his college, who were ordered to appear in tight breeches. “The good bishop (observed one) does not approve of our present *loose habits*.” “True (replied another, who perhaps would have been as pleased to have uttered the pun himself); true, and surely he behaves very inconsistently.” “How so?”—“Why, you cannot but allow that it is both inconsistent and indecorous in him to *contract* the loose habits of the university!”

*Titles.*—“It is impossible (observed Joseph the Second to Madame Casanova), to entertain the least regard for those persons who purchase their nobility.” “Certainly, sire, nor is it less difficult to esteem those who sell it.”

*Degeneracy of the present age.*—“Mr. Harris, the learned author of *Hermes*, informs us, that on reading the following passage to a friend, “In our time it may be spoken more truly than of old, that virtue is gone, the church is under foot, the clergy is in error, the devil reigneth,” the latter interrupted him, and said with a sigh, “Alas! how true a picture of the times!” “Of what times?” inquired Mr. Harris. “Of what times! why can you suppose that I mean any other than the present: when were there ever any half so bad, or to which such an observation as

that you have just quoted is applicable?” “Forgive me for interrupting you, but the times I am reading of are older than you imagine; the sentiment was delivered about *four hundred years ago*, and its author was Sir John Mandeville, who died in 1371.”

*Nautical Knowledge.*—“In the warmth of argument, a Jack-tar said to a landsman, “Shiver my timbers, mate, what can you know about a ship?—you, who never yet saw either a drop of salt water or a ship in your whole life?” “There you are much mistaken, I can assure you; for I have seen a great many of the latter in the course of my life.” “You!” exclaimed the tar in a tone expressive of surprise and incredulity, “Yes, friend, much to my sorrow—since, to confess the truth, they have been all *hard-ships*.”

*Reading.*—“A negro, who had learnt to read, wishing to give some of his countrymen, who had never seen a book, an idea of it, said, “reading is the power of hearing with the eyes instead of the ears.”

*The advantage of having a vote.*—“An honest John Bull travelling through Germany, on arriving at the gate of a city was requested to describe himself; not knowing exactly what designation to apply to himself, he answered that he was “an elector of Middlesex.” As an *Elect* in Germany is rather a more important personage than those who bear that honourable title in England, the Germans immediately threw open their gates, and the guard turned out, and did military honours to the English Elector.”

### The Mediator,

AN OCCASIONAL PAPER,  
No. III.

“He had been long towards mathematics,  
Optics, philosophy, and statistics,  
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,  
And was *old dog* at phisiology.”—*Hudibras*.

THE delineation I alluded to in my last paper, as having been given in my first, was, as the reader might guess, without either Elijah’s mantle or a cloven foot, that of the features and proportions of my real, carnal, and personal body; I was going to add—but for the duplicate and uncourteous interruption of my reader, the first imprecative and blasphemous, the other insinuating and uncharitable—that I had done thus after the example of my great archetype, the Spectator, to whom I conform in the genius and manner of my writings, as much as in the shape of my face.

I make no doubt of the great and paramount interest with which that description will be read by this curious nation, who find such intolerable gratification in every thing extraordinary

and out of the common stile of growth—exotics to the natural temperature and condition of their wholesome glebe, every paradoxical plant which springs in rank, weedy, and over-heated soil—receiving more pleasure from the view of monsters, prodigies, and unsightly births, generated in the wanton moods of Nature, when she plays the jade with blind Chance, and slacks her nightly fires in the arms of that misbegotten king of Chaos, than from her most perfect creations, bearing their divine origin in their all-adapted symmetry and the glory of their presence, and by this very similitude proving their legitimacy. Nature best pleases us when she is unnatural. A dog with two heads has been known to fill an hospital with zoologists.—

\* \* \* \* \*

Indeed, for the satisfaction of this very philosophical spirit of inquiry, forming an essential and most intellectual attribute of British constitutions, from the spindle-bodied dilettanti, who admires, through glass corrective of the erring humours of his sight, his own animalculous counterparts in the cases at Montague-house, where—

Stop!—don’t breathe the tenth part of a pulse—emit not an elementary globule of atmosphere, to carry irretrievable destruction to my splendid march of ideas—that thought should barter for Elysium, and yet leave me wherewithal to purchase filberds to crack for company in that doleful place of eternal blessedness and joy—I wouldn’t lose that thought for a world of perfect chrysolith—

I have it! I have it! I shall pull straws with Solomon for the longest wit—I shall rap Archimedes o’er the knuckles, like a most tyrannical pedagogue and superlative master of deduction—I shall dichotomize Newton’s philosophical coronet, and put one half in my pocket—I shall make mouths at the whole synagogue of wits, ancient and modern, from my seat of future exaltation.—

Yes! I have hit upon the solution of that great problem, which has puzzled the most learned doctors of the community—the true answer to that inexplicable riddle. *Eureka!* Make out my diploma, ye societies and colleges, for your different and egregious honours! Ye who breathe not in the eternal mill of science, but equipped in monkish trammels, and winkers to keep you from deviating into day-light, sweating, pushing, shouldering, puff-

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ing, basting your indomitable sides, you grind, grind; operarious mortals! you grind—grains of learned wisdom into dust—and covered with this pulverulentulous—no farther—who ever went beyond six syllables but a lexicographer?

Though I have made many discoveries in my time, in the mathematics, physics, metaphysics, and all those other fanciful sciences, yet the solution of this problem surpasses them all. O well done! well done, thou brain of the best consistency! thou one and dissimilar gland! whereon the mind perches like a sparrow, and casting a hawk's eye o'er her crowded and imaginary levee, assembled in her presence-chamber, the *sensorium*, selects and separates, divides and distinguishes, disparts and dislocates, the mixed and heterogeneous multitude, who are all bowing, and scraping, and flattering, and elbowing for precedence.—I say, well done! thou Pope of a new communion! where the images worship the pope, instead of the pope the images—thou hast it, invisible king of the castle! thou hast it, as sure as God's in Gloster!

What?

What would crack the scull of a sphynx to imagine in her very most chimerical fancies—what would put an *Edipus* to inevitable nonplus in determining its meaning, if the monster *had* imagined it—what would make *Solomon* hide his head in his mistress's lap, for very shame and scandal—what would craze a *Linnaeus* or a *Buffon* to distinguish head from tail—what would puzzle *Omnipotence* to decide where he should allot it, dignified neither for deity or devil—in short, what would burst the cincture of a grey guat's hip-collar—what would meet an infallible come-through if it were tossed in a cobweb—what would bow down an oak if 'twere hanged in its topmast, that oak being grown of a Lilliputian acorn—in a word, what would break the back of any simile to illustrate.

An inconceivable chimera—an unravellable riddle—a witless puzzle-wit—an indescribable natural—a subject for future annihilation—a free agent without a soul—an animal without a body—a bloodless, boneless, mindless, bodyless, descriptionless—subject of our sovereign lord, the king of Great Britain.

Where, in the name of the interminable symbol of *Omnipotence*, will all this end?

I'll despatch.—The reader, perad-

venture, hath seen an ape—but that's not it—or a root of a mandrake—but that's not it—or, if a female, hath, perhaps, bought a gingerbread husband—but that's not it—no—

Heaven and earth! what is it then?

Gentle reader, why exclaimest thou so hastily? Still the clamorous and be-deafening shout of thy climbing and pre-arrogate impatience.—Ev'n thus the zenith-washing billows of rude Ocean, hung in the clouds within the moon's dominion, whilst vexed imponderable volumes roar beneath.—Did *Job* live for nothing? Are there no dispositions of asses vendible i' the city? Does the Stoic philosophy sell for a plum? Go to—put that latter admirable simile of mine, about clouds and moons and volumes and so forth, into blank verse, as a task and penance—so:

The strange creature lately seen in England and the adjacent countries.

This affair—for we are cautious of attributing to it any name, specific or generic, which hath lately made its appearance even in the streets of the metropolis, and frightened many young gentlemen out of their proper growth, is a thing bearing some remote resemblance to a *splacknuck*, not very unlike the spawn of a lunarian frog, and is by many conceived to be the incarnation of the alphabetical letter Y, turned upside down. It very much resembles a calf in the hardness of its scull, and an ass in having flowery ears. It hath the port and gait of a goose, and somewhat of its gabble, being unnaturally large in the breast, walking with a constrained motion on account of the weight of its brains, and intelligible only to pure geese. Though it hath eyes, it cannot see an inch beyond its own body; though it hath ears, it cannot hear that every one is laughing at it; and though it hath brains, of quantity and quality to make a pudding for an ogre, it cannot spell its own name, tell for what purpose it came here, or if God made it. It hath the grin and chatter, but not the wit of an ape: walks generally upon two, with a pert, smirking, self-sufficient air, which might seem to indicate that it hath, at least, one idea,—namely, vanity.

Indeed, from other circumstances, we are pretty confident that it is not a vegetable; for it curses and swears, and talks politics, and poetry, &c. &c. which are not the functions of any vegetable that we know of, except a marrow-pudding, which grows upon

two stalks in and about Guildhall very abundantly—it is not an alderman.

N. B. Some rare specimens may be seen, between the hours of three and five, in Fleet Street and the Strand. Exhibited gratis.

Now, the origin and the *quo modo* of this nameless something, I propose to furnish the public; not that I pretend to reduce it to any class of animal or sentient existence;—it defies all the polypus ramifications of modern nomenclature, and that, let me tell you, 's a bold word; for, in the present rage of breaking down old languages, and patching up crazy sentences with the fractions, giving us Greek bats joined by a random blockhead, for a continuous parallel pipedon of English brick, weighty and homogeneous; and when we would examine the validity of the juncture, throwing the dust of antiquity into our eyes, and breaking our jaws when we endeavour to use them:—in this system every word is a constable, and it is very hard for any thing, however insignificant or obscure, to escape cuffing and pinioning in one sponge-house or another, though it should have as little business in that fraternity as the Pope in a dram-shop at Wapping.

But, though I cannot give the Onomatonomy of this non-descript, I can give its etionomy—and this it was which fired the tail of the third paragraph—this is what will get me lands in *Hevelius's* moon—and this is what the reader shall have before a rump could turn cavalier by the twitch of a God's anointed harlequin. Listen deeply and learn cheaply.

Every one knows that the co-operation of the sexes is by no means necessary for generation: thus the *hippomane* is the effect of a mare's impregnation by the gust of her own violent intension; a sooterkin is the product of a stove and a Dutch-woman; a moon-calf is the expatriated efflux of our virgin satellite.

Now, all these unnatural births owe their existence to nothing but an overheated imagination—and hence my argument.

Every one may remember the great rush of females, about the beginning of the present century, to visit the new assortment of insects, which the proprietor of a celebrated museum in this town had opened for inspection. We may also recollect how the imaginations of our inquisitive country-women were possessed by these creatures, so as to have them eternally in their mouths



—well, what is an insect?—head and tail, but no body—

And this is a clear account of the matter.  
WILDERNESSE.

## Original Communications.

### NEW THEORY OF THE DELUGE.

[Mr. Augustus Mayerbach has sent us some 'Observations on the Disposition of the waters at the creation, at the time of the universal deluge, and at present.' The article is too long for insertion entire, but the substance of this gentleman's theory will be found in the following extracts.—Ed.]

'In attempting to suggest any mode by which this flood might have been caused, let it not be supposed for one instant that I am doubting the possibility of its being produced by a miracle, without the intervention of means intelligible to man. The Omnipotent, who had said, "Let there be light," and light was, had but to speak the word, "Let there be a universe of water," and the dry land would at once have vanished.

'Dr. Burnet's theory was in a measure similar to that which I am inclined to adopt, for he supposed "that the centre of the earth contained a great abyss of water,—that by sinking in many places, and rising in others, in consequence of shocks and earthquakes, a passage was opened for the internal waters, which issued impetuously from the centre, where they had been enclosed, and spread over all the earth."

'But Dr. Burnet makes it a feature of his theory, that the earth must have originally been smooth, round, and even, (although the Bible affirms that there were mountains then,) and that, previously to the flood, there could have been neither seas, nor rain, nor rainbow. The latter, indeed, he had some authority for assuming to have been seen only since the flood, because the Bible states it to have been so.

'My own supposition is, *that the firmament, or shell, which divided the waters from the waters, was, at the time of the deluge, broken only at two places, and that those places are the North and South Magnetic Poles.*

'That the shell having been broken at those two particular spots, the waters, which had been till then confined in the bowels of the earth, escaped from the abyss, mixed themselves with the oceans and seas, which overflowed their former boundaries, and gradually covered the whole earth.

'By the eruption of the waters from the abysses from a limited space only, a gradual inundation would be accomplished, which corresponds with the account given by Moses. By a general breaking up of such shell an *immediate* deluge, if

any, would have taken place; and this is against the authority of my Bible, which tells me that the flood went on increasing for forty days.

'The disappearance of the waters was as gradual as their eruption. And, if the great body of them had to return into the bowels of the earth by the same two cavities through which they had issued from the abyss, the withdrawing of the water must, of necessity, have been equally gradual.

'Rain, falling from natural causes, could not have caused a universal deluge; rain not being an additional supply of water to the earth which has not been on it before, but the mere alteration of the position of water previously upon the surface.

'Two objections of apparently potent weight will be made to this supposition. The one, that although the shell, which I am imagining to be broken in two particular places, so as to be capable of emitting the fluid through the opening, should be thus partially destroyed, still the equal pressure of the air upon all parts of the globe would prevent the water from bursting through its bounds; the other, that the law of central gravitation would equally prevent its leaving its position. In contemplating a miracle I do not require the assistance of Mr. Whiston's comet "descending in the plane of the ecliptic toward its perihelion," to enable me to believe in its existence. The deluge *did* exist—it *did* arise from the windows of heaven being opened, and the rains descending; and from the fountains of the great deep being broken up, and the waters issuing from their hitherto internal confinement.

'If the admitted doctrine of the tides be true, and they are caused by the attraction and influence of the moon and sun, such doctrine will receive, as it seems to me, confirmation from the proposed theory; as it will give a greater body of water for this attraction to act upon, and a depository for supplying the additional quantity of fluid of which the high tides apparently evidence the presence.

'As this attraction ceases, a portion of the waters may retire again to the chasm from which they have issued.

'So that, instead of the moon by its power of attraction merely altering the position of the water, in causing the tides, it may be considered as actually drawing forth, by its influence, a larger quantity of water to be diffused upon the surface of the earth from its interior recesses.

'The north magnetic pole is, according to Captain Parry's last voyage of discovery, above fifteen degrees distant from the north pole of the earth.

'The south magnetic pole may be considered as at an equal distance from the south pole of the earth.

'The mere rotatory motion of the earth round its axis may cause in certain positions (for instance, when either of the

chasms is directly towards the sun, and the pressure of the atmosphere consequently lessened from the greater rarity of the air,) a natural tendency in the water of the internal abysses of the earth gradually to escape to the surface.

'In magnetism the attracting power has always been considered by the best writers upon the subject, to be placed within the earth; and by late experiments it has been ascertained that electricity and magnetism are most intimately connected.

'Water is one of the great conductors of the electric fluid; and if, within the abysses of the earth, is contained a great body of water which has constant communication with other waters on the surface, and to which the latter may be continually conducting the electric streams gathered in their exposure to the atmosphere, why may not this account for some of the phenomena of magnetism, so long an object of scientific but unsatisfied enquiry.

Whether magnetic attraction is caused by a fluid, or by a mass of loadstone within the earth, I have made for you a hole in the shell at the magnetic poles, which will give an easier communication with the needle.

'The summary of the theory is, first,—That the internal parts of the earth are filled with water, originally separated from the superficial waters by a shell or crust.

'That, at the time of the flood, this shell or crust was broken in two places; and that the chasms, from whence the waters issued, still exist at the north magnetic poles and the south magnetic pole.

'That the flood arose from this breaking forth of the internal waters, caused either by a suspension of the rotatory motion of the earth round its own axis, while the chasm was turned towards the sun; or by a diagonal inclination of the axis of the earth, in its annual orbit round the sun; or by the immediate command of the Almighty, in the same way as when the sun stood still in the Valley of Ajalon.

'That the rotatory motion of the earth being resumed, the waters again retired into the abyss, but with the communication between the superficial and internal waters left free.

'That by means of this communication between the upper and lower waters, and in conjunction with the influence of the moon and sun, the tides are produced, and—

'That this is also the cause of the polarity of the magnet.

'That objections may be urged to this system as to that which attempts to explain any phenomenon in nature, there can be no doubt; but I put it forth for the scientific to try their skill upon, and to build truth upon my errors, if errors they should prove to be.

'I should not dare to suggest the theory for a moment, if I thought one word of



it inconsistent with the Bible, or the goodness of the great, universal, and benevolent Creator.'

'AUGUSTUS MAYERBACH.'

'London, October 1, 1821.'

### THE LADIES.

THE critics of the fair sex tell us, they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquettish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are, it is the fable of the lion and the man; but since the ladies have become authors, they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Though they have learnt to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But if the ladies were what surly misanthropes call them, who is to blame?—Is it not we who spoil—who corrupt—who seduce them?

Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain when we daily praise to her face her charms, her taste, and her wit? Can we blame her vanity when we tell her, that nothing can resist her attractions—that there is nothing so barbarous which she cannot soften—nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue; when we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day, that her form is fairer than summer—more refreshing than spring; that her lips are vermilion; that her skin combines the whiteness of the lily, with the incarnation of the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we unceasingly tell her that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures; that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties; no ideas beyond the thought of the afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity when we tell her, that her hands were not made to touch the needle, or to soil their whiteness in domestic employments? Can we blame her frivolity when we tell her, that the look of seriousness chases from her face the dimple, in which the loves and the graces wanton; that reflection clouds her brow with care, and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught is, that beauty supersedes and dispenses with every other quality, that all she needs to know is, that she is pretty; that to be intelligent, is to be pedantic, and to be more learned than one's neighbour is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation?

Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her, that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of the beau, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. With all she is a goddess, and to her all men are equally mortals. How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be constant when there is no superiority?

Is she capricious? Can she be otherwise when she hears that the universe must be proud to wait her commands; that the utmost of a lover's hopes is to be the humblest of her slaves; that to fulfil the least of her commands is the highest ambition of her adorers?

And are men so unjust as to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation. When men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please.

The ladies do not force the taste of the men; they only adapt themselves to it; they may corrupt, and be corrupted; they may improve, and be improved.

### ABSTINENCE.

THE following ancient testimonies respecting abstinence, may afford our readers some amusement. Pliny says, a person may live seven days without any food whatever,—and that many people have continued more than eleven days without either food or drink. Petrus de Albano says, there was in his time in Normandy, a woman thirty years of age, who had lived without food for eighteen years. Alexander Benedictus mentions a person at Venice, who lived for six days without food. Jubertus relates, that a woman lived in good health three years without either food or drink; and that he saw another who had lived to her tenth year, without food or drink; and that, when she arrived at a proper age, she was married, and lived like other people in respect to diet, and had children. Clausius mentions, that some of the more rigid Bannians in India abstain from food, frequently, for twenty days together. Albertus Krantzius says, that a hermit in the mountains in the canton of Schwitz lived twenty years without food. Guaguinus says, that Louis the Pious, Emperor of France, who died in 840,

existed the last forty days of his life without either food or drink. Citois gives the history of a girl at Confoulens, in Portou, who lived three years without food. Albertus Magnus says, he saw a woman at Cologno, who often lived twenty and sometimes thirty days without food; and that he saw a hypochondriacal man, who lived without food for seven weeks, drinking only a draught of water every other day. Hildanus relates the case of a girl who lived many years without food or drink. Sylvius says, there was a young woman in Spain, aged twenty-two years, who never ate any food, but lived entirely on water; and that there was a girl in Narbonne, and another in Germany, who lived three years in good health, without any kind of food or drink. It is said, that Democritus lived to the age of 109 years, and that, in the latter part of his life, he subsisted almost entirely, for forty days at one time, (according to some writers) on smelling honey and bread.

### ARABIAN LITERATURE.

ARABIAN literature decayed at Bagdad with the decay of the Khalifat; and though it was transplanted thence into Egypt, and fostered at Cairo, with every attention, by the Fathemite Khaliphs and Mamluc Sultans, it could never be brought to flourish with vigour; on the appearance of the Turks, it was irrecoverably blighted.

Since that time, Arabic has ceased to be spoken at the courts of princes, and has yielded its place in matters of business and literature to the Turkish or Persian; but from the many valuable works which were composed in it during the existence of the Khalifat, the Arabian tongue still continues to be considered throughout the East as the vehicle of science, and, so long as Mohammedanism subsists, must always be studied as the language of religion.

As no examples taken from any epic or dramatic poems are found among the specimens here selected, it may be supposed that the Arabians were unacquainted with the two most noble exertions of the poet's art; and should we confine our ideas of these to the common notion, viz. 'A relation in verse of some action, either given by the author himself, or by personages introduced upon the stage for that purpose,' such a conclusion might not be erroneous; but if our definition of these kinds of poetry be not so strictly limited, we shall meet with many Arabian produc-



tions, which may justly claim to be ranked amongst epic or dramatic poems.

The Arabian writer, who attempted either of the above-mentioned species of composition, did not consider it necessary that his work should be constructed entirely in verse; the descriptions, the similitudes, the reflections, and many of the speeches he expressed in numbers; but the narrative part he was satisfied with delivering in simple prose.

Several of the tales of the *Thousand and one Nights* are written in this mixed manner, and their effects upon the passions of the reader, even under the mutilated form in which they appear to us, is pretty generally acknowledged.

### Original Poetry.

#### SONG.

Ah! that I but a moss-rose were,  
To grace thy bosom, sweet,  
And thou, my love, a lily fair,  
Blushing, thy charms I'd greet,  
And on that fleecy bosom lay,—  
My cares and fears at rest;  
Nor should one thought be found to stray  
The hazyon of thy breast!

Ah! were but I some fragrant flow'r,  
That scents the evening breeze,  
And thou a leaf in shady bower,  
I'd court the waving trees,  
And on that silk white bosom, love,  
With lightsome heart I'd play,  
Nor envy then the peaceful dove,  
That wing'd to heaven its way.

Ah! were but you the graceful vine,  
And I the tendril true,  
Around thy lovely form I'd twine,  
And fondly cling to you;  
And there, beyond expression blest,  
I'd banquet on thy charms,  
And thou, a joy beyond that rest,  
Should wish when in my arms!

HATT.

#### TO LILIA.

O lady, there's a fairy spell  
In thy rich beauty's azure eye;  
Whose lucid charm demands too well,  
The tribute of the tear and sigh.  
And there's a magic in thy smile,  
The ravish'd soul in vain would shun,  
That yields a sweet enchantment, while  
It binds the heart thine eyes have won.

I'm sure those sylphs of love and light,  
That o'er the minstrel's vision flee,  
And all their forms of fancy bright  
And blissful beauty, blend in thee.

O think not, lady, all I own,  
Is poesy's imagin'd theme,  
Or falsely deem my love's alone  
The fleeting wish of passion's dream;  
But O! believe 'tis like yon star,  
That shines for ever bright above thee;  
Pure as its beams my feelings are,  
And lasting as its light, I'll love thee.

C. LOCKHART.

#### THE BARREN WISH.

O could I mingle with the sky,  
And see and hear the dwellers there!—  
With what transported mind I'd fly  
To that serener purer air.  
As the young eagle leaves his bed,  
To travel with the glowing sun—  
Unchang'd, untir'd, with wing outspread,  
And eye elate, he passes on—  
So I would leave the world for thee,  
Thou temple of the soul's abode!  
Unchang'd, untir'd in flight to see  
Th' effulgent image of my God!  
In vain! the barriers of the grave  
Lie, dark and silent, far between!  
No mortal arm may stem the wave  
That wafts us to the world unseen!  
Yet, viewless, fancy oft, at eve,  
Delights the blissful haunts to rove,  
A happy dream of youth to weave,  
When all was ecstasy and love.  
There shall my long-lost Mary meet  
Her lover, as in days of old!  
Together at our Saviour's feet,  
Eternity will us enfold!

MAC.

#### THE GIRL HE ADORES.

WHEN the anchor is weigh'd, and the ship un-  
der sail,  
O'er the mild breast of ocean impell'd by the  
gale,  
With eye firmly fix'd on the fast fading shores,  
The far heaves a sigh for the girl he adores.

When midnight's dark mantle envelopes the  
deep,  
And sound in the hammocks his mates are  
asleep,  
On fancy's warm pinion his thought swiftly  
soars  
To the cottage where dwells the sweet girl he  
adores.

When the wings of the tempest hang dark in  
the sky,  
And swift o'er the ocean the blue lightnings fly,  
He heeds not their glare,—'tis in vain the storm  
roars,  
His bosom still throbs for the girl he adores.  
And when, homeward sailing, the land meets  
his gaze,  
What joyful expression each feature displays;  
The torrent of bliss thro' each artery pours,  
To be prest to the heart of the girl he adores.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

#### STANZAS.

AUTUMN'S echoes o'er the vales  
Tell our fancies' dying tales;  
Leaves, that wander to the earth,  
Teach how much is beauty worth;  
And the sun, that shortens day,  
Shades ten thousand lives away.

Yet, how sweet to hear the wave  
Drink those sounds the deep wind gave,  
And to see those leaves protect  
The graves of genius and neglect,—  
To think the sun will all restore,  
And bring to life ten thousand more.

Nov. 5, 1821.

MARIA.

#### I'VE NEVER HAD AN OFFER YET.

The most fastidious wights complain,  
I'm not yet caught in Hymen's chain;  
They whisper, as to church I go,  
'Miss Polly's still without a beau;  
An old maid sure she's doom'd to be,—  
Heaven grant her prayers and keep her free.'

The truth, Sir, is, with much regret,  
I've never had an offer yet!

If I but sigh, the men, so vain,  
Think I am deeply cast in pain;  
If affable with prudent grace,  
They cry, 'my smiles are out of place,  
My step is studied, like my glass,  
My healthy hues for paint will pass,  
That age is stealing off my hair,  
And time transforming me to care.'  
Though in the census twenty-one,  
An age they rarely ladies shun.  
Sir, I confess, 'tis with regret,  
I've never had an offer yet!

The wicked rogues may laugh and joke  
About the matrimonial yoke,  
But chiefly, Sir, the fault is their's,  
That single ladies lose their hairs;  
A woman must be courted,—not  
The forward prattler to be caught;  
Or better she an old maid live  
Than fops unsanction'd freedom give.  
But as for men,—I hate the set,  
I've never had an offer yet!

P. P. P.

### The Drama.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Kean has repeated his favourite characters of *Glo'ster* and *Othello* with their accustomed effect: and he is now actively studying Joanna Baillie's tragedy of *De Montfort*, which is to be produced next week. This play, which contains some powerful scenes, has undergone the revision of its authoress, who has re-written the last act. The appearance of Kean in any new character never fails to excite considerable interest, which is, in the present instance, not a little increased from the circumstance of Mrs. Baillie's popularity. We shall be happy to see this tragedy succeed; but Kean's task is one of no ordinary difficulty, for, with the exception of Mr. Cooper, he has not a single individual, on that stage, worthy of appearing in the same scene with him, in any thing of a tragic nature. Surely our country theatres are not well scrutinized, or they would yield us something more promising than what we now possess.

What has become of *Lost Life*? It has even vanished from the play-bills, which are the very last to relinquish their friends. *Lost Life* has, we believe, gone to the 'tomb of all the Capulets,' unless, indeed, it should be revived, as we hinted in our last, in the shape of a farce, beyond which it should not have presumed.

Miss Blake, the lady who played Captain Macheath so successfully at the Haymarket Theatre, sustained the part of Don Giovanni at this house a few nights ago; and, although she undertook the character at a very short



notice, and had to follow no less a favourite than Madame Vestris, yet she elicited much applause, and, what is much better, she deserved it, by the very spirited manner in which she acted. The airs of this successful burlesque are very pretty, and Miss Blake gave them with good effect.

COVENT GARDEN.—A lady, who is said to have selected the stage for a profession from her strong attachment to its ideal beauty, made her first appearance a few nights ago, in the part of Mrs. Haller. This lady, whose name is Miss Bakewell, has a good person, genteel manners, and seems to have been well educated. On her first appearing, she was very strongly affected, and seemed to suffer acutely by the novelty of her situation, though she met with every indulgence and sympathy from the audience. It is always difficult to speak decisively of a first appearance, and particularly of one so embarrassing to the fair debutante as this was; we must, however, observe, that we suspect Mrs. Haller is not the character best suited to her powers. Her voice does not seem very capable of expressing passion or emotion, but her countenance is better adapted for exhibiting deep tragic woe, than the silent sorrow which racks the bosom of Mrs. Haller. Miss Bakewell always gave the dialogue correctly, and in some instances she was very impressive. The part of the Stranger, by Young, of Peter, by Mr. Meadows, and indeed all the other characters, were admirably sustained.

At the fall of the curtain, Mr. Egerton announced the *Exile* for the following evening, but a call was suddenly, and we must add, partially made for the *Stranger*. Mr. Egerton retired; the call was continued, which created opposition, and, as usual, opposition heightened the enthusiasm of the original disturbers. Mr. Fawcett at length appeared, and in his cautious gentlemanlike way, he said:—

‘Ladies and Gentlemen, I present myself to you to know your wishes.’—Some half dozen voices exclaimed ‘*The Stranger*!’ Mr. Fawcett proceeded.—‘It is not usual for an audience to command a play, but if it be your pleasure to command the *Stranger*’—Here he was interrupted by shouts of ‘no, no!’ In this dilemma he hardly seemed to know how to act, and he very judiciously made a kind of bow, which might be supposed favourable to the wishes of either party. The after-piece commenced; but the noise was still

continued; the first scene of *Figaro* passed in dumb show, and the malcontents persevered so obstinately, that the manager was obliged to come forward again. ‘It is always my wish,’ said he, ‘as it is my duty, to obey the commands of the audience, and if it be your desire, the *Stranger* shall be repeated.’ This address was applauded, and he withdrew. The first scene of the opera was acted over again, and every thing went on smoothly.

As the spectacular play of the *Exile* has had its day, or nearly so, the performances become more varied, though as yet the theatre has not produced any novelty. The tragedy of *Hamlet* has been twice performed during the week. There is not, perhaps, a performer on the stage so well able to enact the royal Dane as Mr. Young. His person, voice, and powers of declamation are here all put in requisition, and are all exerted to the best advantage. Miss M. Tree is a very interesting Ophelia, and the other characters of the play are well filled.

SURREY THEATRE.—One of the most popular plays ever performed on any stage, *Pizarro*, was produced at this theatre on Monday night, under the title of the *Death of Rolla*, for the purpose of introducing Miss Macauley to this stage, in the character of Elvira. Of this lady’s tragic talents we have more than once had occasion to speak, and we confess we have seldom seen them to more advantage. Rolla had a spirited representative in Mr. Bengough; Cora was very prettily played by Mrs. W. Fearman; and Gomery was excellent in Alonzo. The piece was received with abundance of applause by a crowded audience.

The popular melodrama of *Tekeli* followed, and rendered the evening’s entertainment very attractive.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Miss S. Booth made her first appearance at this theatre on Monday, in a new piece called *Zorayda, or Scenes in Fashionable Life*; this burletta, as it is termed, is composed of scenes from some of our best dramas, made into a connected story of considerable interest by the ingenuity of the dramatist, and was well received. The great strength of the dramatic company at this very little theatre forms a striking contrast to the poor inefficient corps at the capacious theatres royal, and the mind naturally wonders how the receipts of so small a house can compensate the exertions of so much talent.

*Life in London* continues very at-

tractive, and is certainly a very laughable *ex parte* picture of the follies of the metropolis.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The popular burletta of *Lovers of all Sorts* was very well played at this house on Monday night, with one or two exceptions, and went off with much eclat.—Mr. Walbourn had announced, vauntingly enough, to elicit new wonders in the art of dancing, which he attempted by being lifted up by wires fastened to his back, to assist his jumping; the corps de ballet is sufficiently strong here to need no such extraordinary assistance, and Mr. Walbourn’s ridiculous attempt was deservedly condemned.

The *Married Bachelor* continues to give great satisfaction to crowded houses, notwithstanding much of its wit is of a cast that must be offensive to delicate ears.

### Literature and Science.

Sir Walter Scott is said to be engaged in editing an edition of the works of Pope, with a biographical memoir, and an estimate of the poetical merits of this favourite author.

A Mr. Green, of Alexandria (America), has discovered a machine for breaking ice of the thickness of six inches, at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The machine promises to be of advantage in opening a passage for ships frozen, or in clearing canals.

We learn that Dr. Granville has undertaken to edit the *London Medical and Physical Journal*, lately so ably conducted by Dr. Hutchinson.

*The Plague*.—A writer in one of the daily journals gives the following, as an effectual cure for the plague:—

1st. When the disease makes its first appearance in any place, or it is feared that it will do so, large fires should be lit, and fumigations of gunpowder, &c. made in the streets and public places.

2nd. In order to preserve oneself from the disease, an oil skin silk dress should be worn next the skin, with the head and ears covered, as well as the whole body, and a mask worn strongly impregnated with garlick; five or six wine glasses of Madeira and bark should be taken daily.

3d. If a person is attacked by the disease, he should, on feeling the first symptoms, immediately drink a large glassfull of pure lemon juice, and then have his arms, legs, and thighs rubbed with cantharides, till large blisters are formed, and the water runs from them freely. He must also drink eight,



nine, or ten times a-day (according to his constitution) a large glass of hot Bourdeaux wine (if that is not to be procured, the red wine nearest in quality), mixed with an equal quantity of lemon juice, in order to excite and keep up a profuse perspiration; and continue this regimen till his convalescence.

### The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

**Village Sign Board.**—The following is literally copied from a board upon the window of a Huxter in a village, upon the St. Albans road:—

'Isaac Beeby, shoe maker, Higler and dealer in hold cloase sells hall sorts of grocery and wooden ware Bakun, sand &c. Goes to Lunnun and Sant Talbands twice a week, brings hoysters and hall sorts of fish by land carriage.

'Hold hats made as good as new, as well as every bother heart-tickle in the cloas trade.

'Farmers Servants and Wenches hope to places at any other time but fare time upon happlication here.—They may enquire for Karacters whey they like it.'

**King James 1st.**—Soon after that Solomon of his age came to the throne of England, he took it in his head one day to go and hear causes in Westminster hall to shew his learning and wisdom, of which he had no mean opinion. Accordingly, being seated on that bench a cause come on, which the counsel learned in the law, set forth to such advantage on the part of the plaintiff, that the sagacity of the Royal Judge soon saw the justice of it so clearly that he frequently cried out 'I'se ken the matter unco weel! The gude man is i' the reight! the gude man is i' the reight! He mun ha it! he mun ha it!' And when the counsel had concluded, took it as a high affront, that the judges of the court should presume to remonstrate to him, that it was the rule *audire alteram partem*, before they gave judgment. Curiosity to know what could be said in so clear a case, rather than any respect to their rules, made him defer his decision; but the defendant's counsel had scarcely begun to open their cause, when his *sacred* Majesty appeared greatly discomposed, and was so puzzled as they proceeded, that he had no patience to hear them out, but

starting up in a passion cried, 'I'se hear na mair! ye are a' knaves aleeke! Ye gi' each other the lee, and neither's i' the reight!'

**Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet.**—This play is founded on the story of Amleth, in the Danish history of Saxo Germanicus. It is to be found in Mrs. Lenox's Shakespeare illustrated. The story has a very romantic air, abounds with improbabilities, and is such altogether as would scarce have struck any imagination but Shakespeare's. Amleth, we are told, put on the guise of folly, rolled on the ground, covered his face with filth, raked the embers with his hands &c. How finely has our immortal bard availed himself of this hint! and what a dignified mind has he presented to us in his hero! The Ghost is entirely the invention of the author, and how nobly has he managed it. Every sentiment respecting this imaginary personage is fully in character with the feelings of the hero.

In the original story the catastrophe is full of terrors. Amleth, having made the nobility drunk, sets fire to the palace, and during the confusion goes to the usurper's apartment, and tells him Amleth was then to revenge his father's murder; upon which the King, jumping out of bed, is instantly put to death, and Amleth, proclaimed King.

Had Shakespeare adhered to this circumstance, he would, perhaps, have given the finest scenes of terror in the last act that ever have been imagined; and then a subject that opens so nobly would have been grand also in its close.—*London Chronicle*. 1757.

**Broad boards made out of vines.**—The great door of the cathedral at Ravenna is made of rough boards without any ornaments; but the most remarkable thing is, that these boards are sawed out of vines, and some of them are 12ft. in length and two spars in breadth. Pliny asserts that the temples of the ancients were often built of this wood 'the image of Jupiter in the city of Populonia cut out of a single vine, we see undecayed for so many ages, as likewise the dish at Marseilles. The pillars of the temple of Juno at Metapantum were of vine tree, and even the steps to the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, are said to be made of the Cyprian vine; but I take them to be made of the wild vine.'

George Abbott, archbishop of Canterbury, having accidentally killed Lord Zouch's keeper with an arrow, ever after kept a monthly fast on Tues-

day, the day on which this fatal mischance happened, and settled an annuity of 20l. on the widow; he died in 1633.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, ten pounds would purchase as complete a law library as can now be had for fifteen hundred pounds!

**Fish.**—The smelt; the name of this fish is derived from its peculiar scent, i. e. *smell it*. There is no fish dies so soon as the herring when taken out of the water, whence arises the proverb, 'as dead as a herring.' Herring-silver is money formerly paid in lieu of a certain quantity of herrings for a religious house.

**Conciseness.**—Mr. Pinkney, of Maryland, in his answer to the citizens of Baltimore, declining to deliver the 4th of July oration, on account of professional engagements, proceeds to declare his devotion to the people, without the slightest circumlocution, as follows: 'I am authorised, as I persuade myself to feel assured, that it will never be believed by any body, that I can be indifferent to the wishes of the people.'

**The Scottish Proverb**—'It is well said; but who will bell the cat?' was occasioned by the following circumstance. The nobility of Scotland entered into a combination against one Spence, the favourite of King James III. It was proposed to go in a body to Sterling, seize Spence, and hang him; then to offer their service to the King, as his natural counsellors; upon which the Lord Grey observed, 'It is well said, but who will bell the cat?' alluding to the fable of the mice, who proposed to put a bell about the cat's neck, that they might be apprized of her coming. The Earl of Angus replied, that he would 'bell the cat,' which he accordingly executed, and was ever afterwards called 'Archibald Bell Cat.'

### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

*Guiseppe*, reviewed and praised by our contemporary as either 'Lord Byron's or the Devil's,' is not by the noble poet, but we cannot speak so decisively as to the authorship of the other illustrious personage.

We must apologize to our Correspondents this week for not noticing their communications, to all of which we will pay due attention in our next.

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